

THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE



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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &
PRESENT STUDENTS and
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ
of THE R.C.M. UNION..*

'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'

Editorial.

"The language of tones belongs equally to all mankind, and that melody is the absolute language in which the musician speaks to every heart."—RICHARD WAGNER.

Again we have to record a notable act of fellowship coming from another great centre of Musical Education, this time of an international character. On June 6, 1907, Mr Alexander Glazounow, the distinguished head of the Petersburg Conservatory of Music, visited the Royal College of Music and conducted the orchestra in the performance of one of his own works. At the conclusion of the performance Mr Glazounow addressed the members of the orchestra and the audience in a graceful speech, of which we give here the text.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

As the Director of the Petersburg Conservatory of Music, I cannot hide that I sincerely love my own students. Exactly the same sentiments I also feel towards the rising generation in general and to you all assembled here in particular. It is a great reward to me that my works are so well known and excellently performed even by the young students. I would like to express my profound thanks for this great honour, to your Director, Sir Hubert Parry, to your Conductor, Sir Charles Stanford, and the other professors who took part in to-day's concert, and to you all, my dear colleagues, to whom I wish a most successful and brilliant musical career.

It is perhaps not too much to hope that this may be but one step in a series of such visits, and that our College may become, if not exactly the Mecca, at all events, a London house of call for every Principal of National Musical Institutions where our colleagues, to use Mr Glazounow's genial term, have like aims with ourselves.

The great student bodies of the civilized world are the keepers of the Art of the future, and so long as they have the same inviolable purpose the integrity of all Art is assured.

To unflinchingly reject opportunism. There is no monotony in the pursuit of such an Ideal. Styles will vary. The style of the Russian may be as different from that of an English composer as the

moon differs from a planet; yet both spheres borrow their light from the same sun, though either may cease to shine if hidden from its rays. Planet and moon, whatsoever be their substance, must face the sun if they would give light to the earth: So also no student of Music is concerned with mere music-making; be he Parthian, Mede or Elamite, his material, his substance, his style, if he be not a mere plagiarist, is in him and of him; influenced and moulded, may-be, by circumstances and environment, but none the less truly his own. Yet will his work only shine if it be lit by the Great Light.

All this is trite, almost commonplace, we are bound to admit; but we feel when we take the right hand of fellowship extended by Mr Glazounow as it were for the Russian Student of Music, that the act is more than one of simple friendship; it is an indissoluble compact of kinship in all that is great and noble in our common pursuit.
Esto perpetua.

The R.C.M. Union

"Idealise to the full, but idealise the real, else the picture is a sham. There is so much beyond all that has ever yet been imagined."—RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE 'AT HOME.'

The past Term has been an important one for the Union, and there is so much of a pleasant nature to report that it is quite difficult to know where to begin. One delightful fact is that the membership has been increasing steadily, so that it now numbers over 500, while another is that the scheme for increasing the scope of the Union by giving Musical Evenings at Members' houses has met with a cordial reception. But perhaps what is most delightful of all is the wonderful help and kindly enthusiasm which everyone gave to the 'At Home' at College on June 27th, and the present writers feel that, in trying to acknowledge such kindness, any formula of thanks must necessarily fall short of the full reality, for the effect of such help does not stop with the actual deed, but continues on through the succeeding time as an inspiring influence. The distinguished artists who so generously gave their services made an evening of happiness for all who heard them; the beautiful flowers which decorated the Hall were a kind gift from Mr Visetti, and the

illuminations in the garden were a gift from the Director. Special mention must also be made of the splendid assistance given by the staff, who all combined, in a truly 'College' manner, to do everything in their power towards the success of the evening and the comfort of the guests.

MUSICAL EVENINGS.

It has been already said in the preceding column that the plan of Musical Evenings at Members' Houses has met with a cordial reception, and the experiment having proved successful, the meetings will be continued during the next terms. Warmest thanks are due to those Members who have most generously come forward, and by offering their drawing-rooms have made it already possible to plan for Meetings at no less than seven different houses.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

The Annual List of Members' Names and Addresses will be published in November, and the Hon. Secretaries will be extremely glad if those Members who have changed their addresses, or who desire to correct any error that may have appeared in the description of their names and addresses in the previous list, will kindly communicate with them before Oct. 31st.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Members are reminded that the Union financial year ends on Oct. 31st, and consequently all subscriptions for the ensuing year (1907-8) fall due on Nov. 1st. The Union subscription includes that to the Magazine.

MARION M. SCOTT,

A. BEATRIX DARNELL,

Hon. Secretaries.

The R.C.M. Union 'At Home.'

"*Meditamur autem agimus.*"—A Motto.

Hello! Hello! Hello! Everybody was saying it: every possible shade of surprise and pleasure seemed to be expressed by

the one word. Six hundred friends to meet and be met—no wonder.

Last year we thought the final word had been said on the subject of ‘success’ in Union gatherings, but we reckoned without our host, or rather without our secretaries. Yet this year surely we have touched high-water mark. Nothing seemed capable of improvement. One idea seemed to be expressed in every face—here I am to enjoy myself, and, great drums and triangles, I am enjoying myself too!

At 8.30 Mrs Bindon and the two Hon. Secretaries received. Poor arms. Six hundred shakes in something under half an hour! So everybody was shaken in, and in a few minutes we were shaken down much as a newly hived swarm of bees, and a loud continuous hum bore testimony to the gladness of the greetings. It is said that an experienced bee-keeper can determine the state of his hives from the hum of the bees contained in them—but no expert was needed to interpret the pitch of the note produced by the buzz of conversation which grew and grew until it seemed as though the very floor were vibrating with happiness. (No, Mr Editor, I refuse to allow a single alteration.)

One supposed everyone to be hungry, judging by the continuously crowded state of the refreshment end of the Hall—but let us say that this was merely an accessory to conversation, the main thing being that whether by reason of the activity of tongues or teeth everybody was heartily joyous; there was something more than the mere atmosphere of tea and buns, and it was the very spirit of union itself which permeated the proceedings on June 27.

It would be difficult to say whether a prediction as to the future of the R.C.M. Union would be more likely to err on the side of exaggeration or otherwise, for never has it been more apparent that greatness is in the air. A casual observer might have made a seemingly wild guess at the possibilities of an organisation which could muster within two years of its inauguration so animated a gathering, but there is no wild dreaming amongst those who know the forces of confidence and unanimity of purpose which have inspired the work of the Union and made success the keynote of every fresh venture undertaken by the Committee, through the unexampled devotion

and energy of our two splendid secretaries. Their dreaming is of a different calibre, and it may well be said that ours is a Union which dreams and does.

The musical portion of the programme opened with a couple of 'cello solos—*Andante* and *Scherzo*, Op. 3, by Victor Herbert—played by Mr R. Purcell Jones with great charm of tone, technique, and expression. Next Mr Harry Dearth sang '*Sunset*,' by Dudley Buck, with Mr W. H. Harris as his accompanist, and delighted everyone with his magnificent voice. Then Madame Clara Butt, accompanied by Mr S. Liddle, sang Hatton's '*Enchantress*,' and such was the enthusiasm she evoked that steady salvos of applause went on until she consented to sing again, choosing the Brahms '*Wiegenlied*' as her encore. Then came Mr Herbert Fryer, who played Paderewski's *Theme and Variations* for piano in fine style, and he was followed by Mr Kennerley Rumford, who completely charmed everyone with his singing of '*Why so Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?*' by Sir Hubert Parry, and '*The Little Red Fox*,' arranged by Arthur Somervell. Joyful applause continued till at length Madame Clara Butt and Mr Kennerley Rumford most kindly sang again, this time giving '*Snowdrops*,' a duet by Liza Lehmann.

Then came a performance of Dr Walford Davies' '*Eight Nursery Rhymes*,' for vocal quartet and piano, sung by Miss Florence Macnaughton, Miss Lalla Parry, Mr Denis Byndon-Ayres, and Mr Albert Garcia, with the composer himself at the piano. The beauty and humour of the music appealed to everyone, the splendid ensemble spoke volumes for the energy and patient enthusiasm of the singers, and the performance went with an entrain which was quite irresistible, so much so, that an encore had to be given.

Last of all came the '*Chips Quartet*,' Mr Tom Morris, Mr Herbert Kinze, Mr Frank Bridge and Mr Ivor James, in their now justly celebrated '*Scherzo Phantastique*.' Did anybody know before what screamingly funny people Royal Collegians are? Everybody who was present at this extraordinary exhibition of native humour knows now. Dumb show, spiritualism, sensationalism, shocks and accidents all focussed round the weirdest sights and the most unexpected sounds, till the audience fairly lost itself in its anxiety

for one more recall than could ever be given, and again and again these gallant humourists responded, till the last drop of their energy must have been drained,—and then we went home and we might have all sung glorious songs in Prince Consort Road, but that is now a public thoroughfare and has a concrete pavement, and none would dare violate such respectability.

A. A. C.

Members of the R.C.M. Union present at the 'At Home,' June 27, 1907.

Adam, Miss Marjorie	Carter, Mrs Ronald	Dunn, Miss F. M.
Adler, Miss Myra	Cartwright, Miss Bessie	Duthoit, Miss Ethel
Aggs, Mrs Hambury	Capel-Cure, Mrs	Dykes, Mr J. A. St. O.
Alcock, Dr	Capel-Cure, Miss Esther	Eaton, Miss Gertrude
Aldis, Miss Maud	Capel-Cure, Miss Sylvia	Edwards, Miss Ellen
Allan, Miss Chrissie	Champneys, Dr	Everest, Miss Barbara
Allport, Miss Gwendolen	Champneys, Miss Margaret	Everett, Miss K.
Angus, Miss Grace	Chapman, Miss W. M.	Farrar, Mr Ernest
Arnell, Miss Dora G.	Charley, Miss Estelle D.	ffolkes, Miss Audrey
Ashburnham, Miss	Charpentier, Miss Agatha	Foljambe, Lady Constance
Aveling, Mr Claude	Chatrian, Miss Emélie	Formby, Miss Beatrice
Aveling, Mrs	Chignell, Mr R.	Foster, Mr Hebden
Barton, Mr Marmaduke	Chote, Miss Ethel	Franklin, Miss
Belfield, Miss Monica	Cockburn, Miss Bessie	Fraser, Miss Sadie
Belfield, Miss V. E. J.	Coleridge, Miss F. L.	Friskin, Mr
Bent, Mr A. C.	Connah-Boyd, Mrs	Fry, Miss A. C.
Beer, Miss Marjorie K.	Cooke, Mr W. Waddington	Fussell, Miss May
Bindon, Mrs	Cooper, Miss Katharine	Fyffe, Mrs
Blaxland, Miss	Cotton, Miss Alice	Gabell, Miss Enid
Blower, Mr Henry	Court, Miss Dorothy	Garcia, Mr Albert
Blunt, Miss D.	Cox, Miss R. E.	Garcia, Mr Gustave
Bond, Miss Mabel A.	Crawshaw, Mr A. Aitken	Gepp, Mr G.
Bonus, Miss Jessie H.	Cregoe, Miss A. Marguerite	Goodchild, Miss M. L.
Bobinsky, Madame de	Cuming, Miss Kathleen	Goodwin, Miss Muriel
Booth, Miss Madeline	Darke, Mr Harold	Green, Miss
Boundy, Miss Kate	Darnell, Miss A. Beatrix	Gregory, Miss E. Anys
Bowden-Smith, Miss W. M.	Davies, Dr H. Walford	Gregson, Mr Harold
Bowden-Smith, Miss Mildred	Davies, Mr Merlin	Gresham, Mr
Bradshaw, Mr Stanley	Davis, Miss Eleanor	Grimshaw, Miss
Broome, Miss Winifred	Dawbarn, Miss Muriel	Grover, Miss Winifred
Browne, Rev M. E. Browne	Daymond, Miss Emily R.	Groves, Miss Gracie G.
Brown, Miss Lætitia	Deane, Mr J. Bargrave	Hancock, Miss Elsie L.
Bridge, Mr Frank	Derry, Mr H. Bromley	Hall, Miss M. C.
Bridger, Miss E.	Dexter, Miss Elizabeth	Hallett, Miss Marian
Buck, Miss	Dick, Miss May	Hare, Miss Constance
Burgess, Miss May	Downing, Miss Lorna	Harris, Mr W. H.
Butler, Miss E. L.	Drury, Miss Madeline	Harrison, Mrs
Byndon-Ayres, Mr	Duke, Miss	Harrison, Miss Margaret
Carey, Mr Clive	Dunhill, Mr Thomas F.	Harvey, Miss Isoline

Heiliger, Miss Annie	Murdoch, Mr W.	Shaw, Miss Blanche
Henson, Madame Medora	Murton, Miss Etienette	Sheilds, Mrs Wentworth
Hemsley, Miss Ivy	Norman, Mr E.	Shepherd, Miss K.
Henrici, Mrs	Noverre, Miss Mary	Shepherd, Miss Emily
Heywood, Miss Fanny	Oakeshott, Miss Agnes	Shinn, Dr
Hill, Miss Gladys	Othen, Miss Katherine	Simpson, Miss Doris
Hill, Miss Beatrice	Palmer, Mr G. M.	Sinclair, Miss Ethel
Honey, Miss Gladys M.	Palmer, Miss	Slade, Miss
Hooper, Miss Blanche	Pam, Miss	Sloan, Mrs
Hopcraft, Miss	Parker, Miss Adelaide	Smith, Miss Clara
Hoyle, Dr W. S.	Parry, Sir Hubert	Soutten, Mr B.
Howell, Mr Harold	Parry, Lady Maude	Spencer, Hon. Delia
Hutchinson, Mrs	Parsons, Miss Edith A.	Spooner, Miss Alice
Hulme, Miss Margaret	Pearce, Miss Violet	Spurr, Mr S. W.
Ilyaniason, Miss G. Grace	Pearson, Miss M. W.	Stallabrass, Miss
Hyett, Miss Ida G.	Persse, Miss Gertrude	Steele, Miss Eva
Ibbetson, Miss Alice	Pocock, Miss D.	Tanner, Miss Lois
Izard, Miss	Ponder, Miss Winifred	Tapp, Mr Frank
Jacoby, Mr Charles	Polgreen, Miss Lucy	Thomas, Miss Ada
Jennings, Miss Florence	Poulett, Lady Eleanor	Thomas, Mr Spencer
Johnson, Miss Hilda	Powell, Mr Ioan V.	Thompson, Miss
Jones, Miss D. Auriol	Pownall, Mr Frank	Thompson, Miss Mabel
Keay, Miss Christian	Pownall, Mrs	Thompson, Miss May J.
Kent, Miss Phyllis	Prince, Miss E.	Tomalin, Miss
Kershaw, Miss D.	Price, Mr Dan	Toye, Mr E. G.
Keyl, Miss Constance	Price, Miss Violet B.	Trevitt, Miss G.
Kirk, Miss Jennie	Proudlock, Miss F. A.	Turner, Miss Daisy
Kirkbride, Miss M.	Purser, Miss Dorothy	Wade, Miss Hilda
Konody, Mrs	Randell, Miss H. E.	Walters, Miss Phoebe
Krüger, Miss Henrietta	Ranson, Miss Gertrude	Watson, Mr Thomas
Leon, Miss Adelina	Raymond, Miss Gladys	Watson, Mrs
Lett, Miss Phyllis	Read, Dr	Webb, Miss Dorothy
Lewthwaite, Miss B. L.	Read, Mrs	Weston, Miss Florence
Lyell, Miss Marjory C. M.	Read, Miss Annie	Wheeler, Miss
McCheane, Miss Mildred	Reid, Lady	White, Miss Dorothy M.
McCormick, Miss	Richard, Miss Maggie	White, Miss Edith E.
Macdonald, Miss Enid	Robinson, Miss Irene	Whitchouse, Mr W. E.
Macfie, Miss Janet	Robinson, Miss Jennie	Williams, Miss Stella
Mackintosh, Miss	Sahler, Miss K. Verena	Wilson, Miss Berners
Macnaughton, Miss	Samuel, Mr Harold	Wright, Miss Marie
Mansel, Miss Margaret	Scott, Miss Marion	Wynn, Mr Arthur
Mason, Mr Edward	Scruby, Miss Edith	Yates, Miss Olive
Matheson, Miss E. Ivy	Scruby, Miss Maude	Yelland, Miss Maria
Moffat, Miss Alice	Sealy, Miss Avice	Young, Miss Alice
Moger, Miss	Seeman, Miss E. A.	Young, Miss Helen M.
Montgomery, Miss	Sharpe, Mr Herbert	Zillhardt, Miss E. Uhlhorn
Morris, Mr Thomas F.	Sharpe, Mrs	<i>254 in all</i>

List of Guests, being Past or Present Members of the College.

Anley, Mrs
Baker, Miss Goldie

Barton, Mrs M. M.
Bonnar, Miss

Broadway, Miss Brenda
Broome, Miss Marion

Butt, Madame Clara	Jaeger, Mrs A. J.	Pickup, Miss Muriel
Cart, Miss	Jefferis, Miss Edith	Pointer, Mr J.
Coppin, Miss Gladys	Jennings, Miss	Prior, Miss M. Leather
Crowdy, Miss Isabel	Jesson, Miss	Rainbow, Miss Marjorie
Davies, Miss Lilian	Jones, Mr E. S. Aske	Renton, Miss
Davies, Miss Nellie	Jones, Mr R. Purcell	Robinson, Miss Ethel
Dearth, Mr Harry	Kantorowicz, Miss F.	Robinson, Miss M.
Dearth, Mrs Harry	Lawson, Miss	Robison, Miss J.
Devin, Miss	Lees, Miss Dorothy	Rydings, Miss
Emsley, Miss	Liddle, Mr S.	Scott, Miss K.
Evans, Miss Eleanor	Lowenstein, Miss	Sharpe, Mr Cedric
Eveline, Miss Beatrice	MacCarthy, Miss	Simpson, Miss Lucia
Forrest, Miss Dorothy	McKie, Miss	Smith, Miss Nellie
Fryer, Mr Herbert	Mason, Mrs Edward	Spence, Miss
Fynes-Clinton, Miss M.	Maturin, Miss Sybil	Stockbridge, Miss C.
Gardiner, Miss F. M.	Moncrieff, Miss Scott	Stuart, Miss
Greenway, Miss	Newell, Miss Madge	Toms, Mr Sidney W.
Hurben, Mrs	Niekerk, Miss Gladys van	Trew, Mr Arthur
Heath, Miss Louie	Osborne, Miss Muriel	Vickery, Miss
Hill, Miss Jessie	Ouseley, Miss Ann	Whiteside, Miss
Hobday, Mrs Alfred	Parry, Miss Lalla	Williams, Miss E.
Ireland, Miss F. Evelyn	Peach, Miss May	
Jackson, Miss	Pickering, Miss W.	

and others, names not given, 78 in all.

List of Guests NOT being Past or Present Members of the College.

Adams, Miss Hetty	Brand, Mrs	Couch, Miss C.
Aggs, Mr Hanbury	Bromby, Mrs Hamilton	Couch, Miss L.
Aldrich, Mr Richard	Burford, Miss Evelyn	Crallen, Mr
Aldrich, Mrs	Burke, Mrs	Crallen, Mrs
Aldridge, Mrs George	Butler, Mr	Crofts, Mrs Arthur
Ashburnham, Maj.-Gen. Sir Cromer, K.C.B.	Butler, Mrs	Cunninghame, Mr
Ashburnham, Lady	Byron, Miss	Darnell, Mrs
Aveling, Mr T.	Campbell, Miss Stella	Darnell, Miss
Aveling, Mrs T.	Carey, Miss	Darnell, Miss Dorothy
Batcheldor, Mrs	Carter, Miss D.	Dean, Miss Olive
Berners-Wilson, Mrs W.	Carter, Dr Ronald	Debadts, Miss Leonie
Bernstein, Dr Julius	Caswell-Smith, Miss	Delabere, Mr S. B.
Billinge, Miss Ophelia	Cawdor, the Rt. Hon. the Earl of	Dexter, Mrs
Bindon, Mr F. V.	Chalkley, Mr P.	Diver, Mrs
Blackburn, Miss	Champneys, Mrs	Donne, Mr
Blacklock, Miss	Chapman, Mr	Drummond-Hay, Mrs J. de V.
Blower, Mr H. B.	Chapman, Miss	Drummond, Miss Evelyn
Blower, Mrs Henry	Charley, Lady	Drury, Mrs
Bond, Mrs	Chatrian, Miss	Eaton, Miss H. E.
Bond, Miss	Chote, Miss	Espan, Mrs
Bonmar, Mrs	Clay, Miss E.	Everest, Mrs
Borch, Miss	Collins, Mr S. W.	Everett, Miss Ruth
Brand, the Rev John	Cooper, Miss May	Everett, Miss Winifred
		Ewens, Mrs

Faning, Dr Eaton	Knapp-Fisher, Mrs E.	Ponder, Mrs
Fenton, Mrs	Knowles, Miss	Priestman, Mr Austin
Fisher, Mrs Arthur	Ledien, Mr J. M.	Proudlock, Mrs
Fisher, Mrs	Lett, Miss	Purser, Mrs
Fletcher, Mr B. Morley	Lush, Miss	Randell, Mrs
Fletcher, Mrs B. Morley	Lyall, Mrs	Raymond, Mr Cuthbert
Ford, Miss	McCormick, the Rev. P.	Read, Mr Ernest
Foster, Mrs	McCormick, Miss M. N.	Read, Mrs
Fryer, Mr	Mackay, Dr	Rumford, Mr Kennerley
Fryer, Miss	Mackay, Mrs.	Ryan, Miss
Fyffe, Miss	Mackintosh, Mrs D.	Saunders, Miss
Gabe, Miss Kate	Macnaughton, Miss Violet	Schönwaldt, Madame von
Gabell, Mr	MacNeil, Miss	Scott, Mr Sydney
Gabell, Miss D.	Macpherson, Mr C.	Scott, Mrs Sydney
George, Miss Carrie	Macpherson, Mr Stewart	Scott, Miss Freda
Ghey, Miss	Marriott, Mr Fredk.	Scott, Miss Stella
Goldie, Miss Ethel	Martin, Miss L. E.	Scruby, Mrs
Goode, Mr W. A.	Mason, Mr J.	Scruby, Miss Josephine
Gough, Miss Muriel	Mason, Mrs J.	Sinclair, Miss Ivy G.
Greiss, Miss	Mason-Barker, Mr J.	Spooner, Mrs
Gwynn, Miss	Massey, Miss	Sprague, Miss Edith
Halliday, Miss	Matheson, Mrs	Sprott, Miss
Hamilton, Miss Mary	Matheson, Miss	Stallabrass, Mrs
Hancock, Miss	Matheson, Mrs R. C.	Steele, Miss Eva
Haswell, Miss V.	Meek, Miss Beatrice	Stephens, Mr C. H.
Harben, Mr Guy	Midwinter, the Rev C. G. A.	Stiffe, Mr
Hardinge, Miss	Moffat, Mrs	Stiffe, Miss
Harris, Mrs	Moffat, Miss Kate	Stockbridge, Miss Ethel
Harrison, Colonel	Moger, Mrs	Strode, Mr E. D. Chetham
Harrison, Miss Monica	Moore, Miss Georgina	Strode, Miss Augusta C.
Helmsley, Mr R.	Morley, Miss	Strutt-Callard, Mrs
Heiliger, Mrs J.	Morris, Miss	Sturman, Mr J.
Henrici, Capt. E. O., R.E.	Murray-Clarke, Mrs	Stutfield, Miss Isabelle
Hills, Miss	Murray-Clarke, Miss W.	Sutcliffe, Mrs
Hooper, Mr Geoffrey	Murton, Mrs	Swinden, Mr Chas.
Howard-Wilkins, Mr	Nesbitt, Mrs	Thompson, Mr
Howorth, Miss E.	Newman, Miss Doris	Thompson, Miss
Hunt, Miss K.	Nicholls, Mrs	Tomalin, Miss Maggie
Hutchinson, Miss	Norman, Mrs	Toulmin, Miss
Ihlee, Miss	Oakeshott, Mr H. A.	Toye, Mr J. F.
Jackson, Mr W. Geldart	Oakeshott, Mrs	Walker, Mr J. R.
Jackson, Mrs W. Geldart	Palmer, Miss Gladys M.	Wallace, Miss
Jacoby, Mrs	Pam, Mrs	Webb, Miss Ethel
James, Miss	Parker, Miss Violet	West, Mr John
James, Miss Ethel	Parry, Mr Mark	Whelpdale, Mr
Jenkinson, Miss	Parry, Mrs	White, Mrs Finch
Johnson, Miss	Pearce, Mr	Whitehouse, Miss
Johnson, Miss A. L.	Phillips, Mr A.	Williams, Mrs
Keye, Miss	Phillips, Mrs	Wilson, Miss C. M.
Knapp-Fisher, Mr E.	Pointer, Mrs	

and others, names not given, 274 in all.

Bach Choir Presentation to Dr. Walford Davies.

"I thank you for your voices."—SHAKESPEARE.

"I will play a part no longer."—WHITMAN.

"But let not therefore my good friends be grieved."—SHAKESPEARE.

The Bach Choir were guided by a happy inspiration when they resolved that their presentation to Dr Walford Davies should take the form of Bach's complete works, in the Bach-Gesellschaft edition, and there was something felicitous too in the fact that the ceremony of presentation on June 20th took place in the very room where all the choir practices are held—that is to say, in the South Kensington Museum Lecture Theatre.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour (President) made a short speech, in which, after referring to the general history of the Society during the past year, he spoke with warmth of the great services Dr. Walford Davies had rendered, not only to the Bach Choir, but to the cause of music in general. He expressed deep regret at Dr. Davies' resignation of the conductorship, and presented him with a specimen volume of the edition, adding that the complete edition was not handed over to Dr. Walford Davies on the spot, out of consideration for the difficulty there might be in removing 40 odd volumes!

Dr. Davies replied in an admirable little speech, saying that he thanked the choir with all his heart for their gift. He confessed that since he had first heard of the intended presentation, some days ago, he had been secretly hoping it might take this form, and he had been anxiously thinking over what he should say to thank them. He felt it very difficult to express his gratitude as adequately as he wished, and could not satisfy himself. In this connection, he felt he must tell them of an incident which had just occurred. As he was on his way that afternoon, he passed the blind man who stands by the Temple Arch, and stopped to speak with him, as they were on friendly terms, and sometimes exchanged domestic confidences together. He told the blind man of his present errand, and owned his nervousness as to what he should say. The reply was rather memorable and worth quoting: "If it was anything for you to do in music, you wouldn't mind, for you would feel

you were master of the situation. Now, when these ladies and gentlemen have been so kind in giving this to you, don't you think you can manage to thank them *according as the size of the present!?*" He did thank them very much, and in taking leave of the Choir, he wished to urge upon them a continuation of that spirit which had made them a living force in the music of the day. They had many faults—he had often bullied them about them—but they had one great quality which no one who had heard their last performance of the Bach B minor Mass at the People's Palace could doubt, and that was, they could be an inspired choir.

At the conclusion of Dr. Davies' speech, the hearty applause of the choir testified to their appreciation of his services, and their regret at losing him as a conductor.

Any comment would not be within the province of the present report; but all Collegians who were happy enough to hear the fine performances of the B minor Mass, under Dr. Walford Davies' baton, during the past two seasons, will join with the Bach Choir in regret at his resignation.

Walt Whitman, the Symphonic Poet.

" . . . Heaven and earth and sea and hurricane,
* * * * *

*In them, in thy experiences, had'st thou my soul,
What joys! What joys were thine!"—WALT WHITMAN.*

To anyone interested, either practically or theoretically, in singing, there must always be a keen interest in tracing the interaction of words and music in songs. It seems such a miracle that two arts should be drawn together, and, as it were, grafted on to each other, that one looks eagerly to find out what is in certain poems that makes them suggest music to a composer's mind. The composition of a song must be something akin to the formation of a pearl: a set of verses linger in the mind, setting up mental unrest, which does not stop until, by some inexplicable process, the words are overlaid with a delicate iridescent covering of sound.

But what is it that makes a poem fit for musical setting? First, there is the general idea of the poem; then there is the rhythm of the

verse, which is perhaps the most difficult element to combine with music; and lastly, there are the words themselves, which define the 'colour' of poetry: these last surely have the strongest influence on the music which is to accompany them, for a musician may see the drift of a poem from a perfectly different point of view from its author—he will almost certainly be forced to depart from the rhythm of the lines owing to the exigencies of musical form, but the living words must colour every chord he uses. So we find that the great poet who has been most successfully set to music—Heine—has as his chief gift a perfect feeling for the right word, of so choosing his words that they express the very finest shades of meaning that ordinary people can only feel, but not express.

Added to this, the poet is probably better understood if he belong to the same period as the musician—if he be interested in the same movements and ideas as the musician.

In thinking over the English-speaking poets who would fulfil these conditions and play Heine to the Schumann and Schubert of our budding English composers, one comes at once to Walt Whitman; for he surely is a poet of the time, he tries to express the new formulae in which the modern world is striving to re-clothe its ideas. There is something vast and all-embracing in his point of view that shows him to be part of this age of democracy and discovery when men are taking a wider survey of human perceptions than ever before. He tries to bring science into poetry—his text is the scientist's text, 'Prove all things.' His great fault is that he is fanatical over facts: he is so determined to get away from the attitude of the sentimentalist who will not look squarely at a fact that he runs into the other extreme, he is obsessed by facts, he is overwhelmed by torrents of facts, he leaves his poetry to give you at a breath the exports of a state or the kinds of manufactures you may expect to find on the shores of the Great Lakes; he will not select, he will give you all his crowded experience and the perceptions of his observant eye. Then he becomes what some critics deem him—merely a purveyor of miscellaneous information.

But when the divine afflatus descends upon him, Whitman speaks as a great poet, a seer, and an interpreter of the profound mysteries of life; his curious irregular verse draws together and flows on with a

swing and a heave which reminds one of the strong waves of the Atlantic, by whose side he was brought up ; he prunes his vocabulary of exaggerations, and still leaves each phrase, each word vivid and striking, very often extraordinarily unexpected, but conveying in the most subtle way the exact shades of meaning he desired : then his poetry is, indeed, worthy of that adjective he so often employs—‘symphonic.’

It is the strong feeling that Walt Whitman has for the right word that makes it curious that he has not been set more often to music. I can only remember Sir Charles Stanford’s ‘When Lilacs last in the Door yard bloomed,’ two settings of ‘O Captain my Captain,’ and ‘Ethiopia Saluting the Colours,’ ‘The Mystic Trumpeter’ by Gustav von Holst, and lately Dr Vaughan Williams’ new choral work. His rhythm, too—what Stevenson calls the ‘fine processional movement’ of his lines—seems so well adapted to music, for it is strong and haunting, and yet it is not dependent upon the exact number of feet in a line : it resembles the scheme of accents that the early bards used which was adopted for singing to the harp. That is to say, the rhythm is contained in the important words of a line, not in the number and arrangement of all the syllables. When at its best this makes an infinitely varied, flexible, and dramatic vehicle for thought ; its tendency is to become crowded, loose, and incoherent, and Whitman does not always escape these faults. Still, he was the originator of his own metre, and for all pioneers many allowances must be made—they have to make their instrument as well as play upon it.

I have only touched upon some of the technical points of Walt Whitman’s poems ; for their meaning, for the tenderness and nobility of his nature, for the vivid illustrations of life and character I must leave the poems to speak for themselves. I only wish to make the point that it is worth while to read Walt Whitman, to make the effort to overcome his strangeness and uncouthness, so as to really get into touch with his mind.

There is such a tendency nowadays to be content with mere elegance, finish, and perfection of form, and to prefer something rather conscious and over-refined in all forms of art. Walt Whitman is a most potent antidote to unwholesomeness and artificiality ; he breathes of

outdoor things, of energy and of health. He is the first deep note of individuality in the American Continent, struck out by the clash of the war of North and South, and embodying not so much the spirit of the American people (for they repudiate him) as the spirit of the land, its immensity, its possibilities, and its youth.

R. E. C.

College Concerts

"The time is probably not far distant when music will stand revealed, perchance, as the mightiest of the arts, and certainly as the one art peculiarly representative of our modern world, with its intense life, complex civilization, and severish self-consciousness."—HAWEIS.

The following are the programmes of the Concerts given this term at the College. The two outstanding features are the Glazounow and the Bach Concerts, on June 6 and July 23 respectively.

May 31st (Chamber)

PROGRAMME I.

1.	QUARTET FOR STRINGS, in G	Haydn
	THOMAS PEATFIELD (Scholar), GLADYS RAYMOND (Exhibitioner), HERBERT KINZE, FELIX NORMAN SALMOND (Scholar).			
2.	SONG	Nocturne (Night Hymn at Sea) ...	A. Goring Thomas
			H. MARIE WRIGHT.	
			Violoncello Obbligato—ANNA IZARD (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.	
3.	PIANO SOLO	Sonata in B flat	Clementi
	ADELAIDE BONNAR, A.R.C.M. (Clementi Exhibitioner).			
4.	FLUTE SOLOS	{ a. Berceuse Joachim-Andersen b. Scherzo Ch. M. Widor	
			ROBERT MURCHIE (Scholar).	
5.	SONG	Lungi dal caro bene	Secchi
			WENA PICKERING.	
6.	SONATA FOR VIOLIN & PIANO, in A minor, op. 105	Schumann
	AMY RYDINGS, A.R.C.M. (Scholar), WINIFRED GARDINER (Scholar).			
7.	SONGS	{ a. O Mary Dear M. V. White b. My Heart's in the Highlands A. Jensen	
			THOMAS WATSON, A.R.C.M.	
8.	ORGAN SOLO	Prelude and Fugue in B minor	Bach
			HAROLD RHODES (Scholar).	
			ACCOMPANIST—ALICE COTTON, A.R.C.M.	

June 6th (Orchestral)

PROGRAMME II.

1.	... CONCERTO FOR PIANO, VIOLIN AND FLUTE, in D major	Bach
	(Brandenburg, No. 5), with String Orchestra		
	FRANK TAPP (Scholar), MAY HARRISON (Scholar)		
	ROBERT MURCHIE (Scholar)		

2.	...	TWO MELODIES FOR CONTRALTO & ORCHESTRA (a) Chanson. (b) Romance Orientale	A. Glazounow
		DILYS JONES (Exhibitioner)	
3.	...	SYMPHONY, No. 7, in F major, op, 77	... A. Glazounow
4.	VIOLONCELLO SOLO	Chant du Ménestrel A. Glazounow
		BEATRICE M. HARRISON (Scholar)	
5.	SUITE FOR ORCHESTRA	'Raymonda'	... A. Glazounow
		CONDUCTOR—	
		SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.	
		M. GLAZOUNOW kindly consented to conduct Nos. 4 and 5	

June 13th (Chamber)

PROGRAMME III.

1.	QUARTET FOR STRINGS, in D minor, op. posth.	... Schubert
	MAY HARRISON (Scholar). MARJORIE BEER (Scholar)	
	FRANK BRIDGE. BEATRICE M. HARRISON (Scholar)	
2.	SONGS { a. Care selve (<i>Atalanta</i>) Handel	
	b. Daffodils Edward German	
	GWENDOLINE TREVITT	
3.	PIANO SOLOS { a. Sea Idyll Frank Bridge	
	b. Capriccio ex-Scholar	
	LUCY SIMPSON, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner)	
4.	SONG Ah, Moon of my Delight Liza Lehmann	
	FRANK WEBSTER (Scholar)	
5.	VIOLONCELLO SOLOS ... { a. Aria in D Bach	
	b. Bourrée in C Felix Norman Salmon (Scholar)	
6.	SONGS { a. The Walnut Tree Schumann	
	b. Devotion Florence Taylor	
7.	TRIO FOR PIANO AND STRINGS, in D major, op. 70, No. 1 Beethoven	
	ELLEN EDWARDS (Scholar). LORNA DOWNING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.	
	F. GERSHOM PARKINGTON (Scholar)	

ACCOMPANIST—ALICE COTTON, A.R.C.M.

July 4th (Chamber)

PROGRAMME IV.

1.	QUARTET FOR STRINGS, in G, No. 34 Haydn
	MARJORIE BEER (Scholar), DOROTHY DEVIN (Scholar), FRANK BRIDGE,
	FELIX NORMAN SALMOND (Scholar).
2.	SONGS a. O del mio dolce ardor Gluck
	b. La Pastorella Veracini
	H. MURIEL BOBINSON.
3.	PIANO SOLO Theme and Variations, in D major Eric Grutton
	(First performance).
	ERIC GRUTTON (Scholar).
4.	SONGS a. Absence Berlioz
	b. Legère bergère French XVIII Century
	RACHEL COX, A.R.C.M.
5.	VIOLIN SOLO... Andante and Scherzo (Symphonie Espagnole) Lalo
	FLORENCE JENNINGS (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.

6.	ORGAN SOLOS	a.	Choral-Vorspiel, "Ein' feste Burg" } Bach
		b.	Praeludium in A minor }
			HAROLD DARKE (Scholar).
7.	SONGS	...	A. Somervell
			(From Robert Browning's "James Lee's Wife")
			GERALDINE WILSON.
8.	QUINTET FOR PIANO AND STRINGS, in C minor	...	E. Dohnanyi
	WILLIAM D. MURDOCH (Scholar), ESTHER CAPEL-CURE (Honorary Exhibitioner),		
	THOMAS PEATFIELD (Scholar), HERBERT KINZE,		
	FELIX NORMAN SALMOND (Scholar).		

ACCOMPANISTS—

ALICE COTTON, A.R.C.M., ELLEN EDWARDS (Scholar).

July 17th (Chamber)

PROGRAMME V.

1.	QUARTET FOR STRINGS, in D, No. 35	Haydn
	PHILIP LEVINE (Scholar), LORNA DOWNING (Exhibitioner),							
	FRANK BRIDGE, FELIX NORMAN SALMOND (Scholar).							
2.	SONGS	...	a.	Come raggio
			b.	La Brise
				ALICE M. YOUNG.				
3.	PIANO SOLO	...		Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue	Bach
				WILLIAM MURDOCK (Scholar).				
4.	SONG	Trennung	Franz Ries
				DAISY TURNER.				
5.	SONGS	...	a.	Ich trage meine Minne	R. Strauss
			b.	My boy Tammie	Old Scotch Song
				JESSIE PATEY (Exhibitioner).				
6.	ORGAN SOLO	...		Finale of Sonata, Psalm XCIV.	Reubke
				ADELAIDE PARKER (Exhibitioner)				
7.	SONGS	...	a.	Verborgenheit	H. Wolf
			b.	Ewig mein bleibt	E. Schütt
				MARGUERITE OWEN, A.R.C.M.				
8.	QUINTET FOR PIANO AND STRINGS, in F. minor, op. 34	Brahms
	ELLEN EDWARDS (Scholar), MAY HARRISON (Scholar),							
	MARJORIE BEER (Scholar), FRANK BRIDGE,							
	BEATRICE HARRISON (Scholar).							

July 23rd (Choral and Orchestral)

PROGRAMME VI.

1.	CANTATA	Watchet, betet, seid bereit	Bach
				SOLOS—GLADYS HONEY (Scholar)				
				DILYS JONES (Exhibitioner)				
				SPENCER THOMAS (Scholar)				
				ROBERT CHIGNELL (Scholar)				
2.	OVERTURE (Suite) in D major	Bach
3.	CANTATA	...		Du wahrer Gott und David's Sohn	Bach
				SOLOS—ETHEL DUTHOIT (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.				
				DILYS JONES (Exhibitioner)				
				SPENCER THOMAS (Scholar)				

4.	ORGAN SOLO ...	Toccata and Fugue in D minor	Bach
		HERBERT ARNOLD SMITH (Scholar)		
5.	AIR	Bete, bete	Bach
		(from Cantata, Mache dich, mein Geist, bereit)		
		GLADYS HONEY (Scholar)		
		FLUTE—ROBERT MURCHIE (Scholar)		
		VIOLONCELLO—F. GERSHOM PARKINGTON (Scholar)		
6.	CANTATA	Now shall the Grace (Nun ist das Heil)	Bach
		CONDUCTOR—		
		SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.		

A Song

Why do you sigh for the orchids of life,
Fantastic, soul-less, chill,
When all around you the young year smiles
Through a glory of daffodil?
You are looking for blossoms unreal, my sweet,
And treading the violets under your feet.

Why do you long for jewels rare,
Of wondrous form and hue,
When all about you the Spring has flung
Her gems, if you only knew!
You are looking for treasures, illusive, my sweet,
And crushing the dew-drops under your feet.

Why are you seeking happiness
Afar, when 'tis close at hand,
Love is beside you pleading, unheard:
Oh, when will you understand?
You are chasing a phantom-dream, my sweet,
And you do not see I am here, at your feet!

P. F.

The Royal College of Music from Within

"What first were guessed as points, I now knew stars."—BROWNING

I am told that the Royal College has now grown so old that a tale of its earlier years, related in this Magazine by some of its old pupils, will be likely to interest those who are lucky enough still to be enjoying their student days. It was nineteen years ago—such a distance of time will make me seem almost decrepit to some of those who read—at the beginning of the winter term of 1888, that I can remember nervously entering the portals of the old buildings in Kensington Gore, and enrolling

as a student. Once inside, however, the ordeal was less terrible than the anticipation had been; for an interview with Mr Watson, then Registrar (is there any student who does not remember receiving kindnesses from him?) very soon put one at ease. But it was not long before the feeling of bewildered mortification seized me, as I suppose it has seized almost everyone in like circumstances. After the standards of the home circle it is difficult to find one's feet in new and serious surroundings. I remember well my astonishment, after a fluent performance of some variations on 'Hark the herald angels sing' before Sir Walter (then Mr) Parratt, at being gently but firmly introduced to the earlier pages of Stainer's Organ Tutor: and also how, after a little probing into the shallows of our minds, most of us were relegated to Dr Read's most elementary kindergarten. Of course, ill-concealed humiliation was the predominant feeling of all of us; but it was an humiliation both necessary and healthy, and was always, then as now, mitigated by the kindness and encouragement of everyone, from Sir George Grove (the Director) down to our fellow students. And what demigods these latter seemed to us new-comers! And certainly they were a fine lot of students. We had Charles Wood and Hamish McCunn, Waddington, Sewell, Polyxena Fletcher and Marion Osborne, Squire and Hobday, with Tertius Noble at the organ, while Jasper Sutcliffe led the orchestra and Liddle also abided with us. A history of the time is not possible nor desirable; but a few reminiscences may incite the pens of others.

It would surprise the present students, possibly to the point of mutiny, could they see the dingy little waiting-room, then the sole provision for the leisure moments of male students. The light was so bad that we could not read nor work one another's counterpoint—are these things done vicariously now?—and the only relaxation was smoking. Of course an inexorable notice informed us 'No smoking allowed,' but owing to the repeated disappearance of the word 'No' the notice was posted higher and higher on the wall, until at last it was out of reach and sight alike, and the order became one more lost tradition. But while it lasted the rule (or the breaking of it) brought us many surprise visits from dear old Sir George. Scenting our crime from a distant passage, he would dive in on us and single out some

red-handed culprit for a bad ten minutes in his study—which, by the way, frequently suggested cigars. Well I remember an interview which seemed to last hours (for I was holding a lighted pipe in my pocket), and the difficulty of persuading him that his eyes had played him false. Another unmelodious memory is of the Choral Class, where some of us, chiefly unformed voices and nondescripts, sat behind the altos and sang a semitone above or below them in shrill falsetto. I will wager that is not done now, but in the days of Mr Foster we had to sing music we didn't like, and he, poor man, had to suffer. It is a curious coincidence to me now, writing from Harrow, that once a request came from Dr Eaton Faning's Select Choir for some male voices to help sing in Clay's 'Lalla Rookh' in Harrow Speech-room. Three or four of us organists volunteered and arrived; and when we were asked the natural 'tenor or bass?' were very nearly ejected for saying we didn't mind which. Then there was an Homeric Struggle, somewhere on Primrose Hill I think, against the R.A.M. at cricket. Is this still an institution? I cannot remember the result of this particular match, which probably means that we were beaten; but I know my share was *nil*, and that the brothers Stubbs between them performed heroic feats. The scene is still quite vivid however: a gorgeous hot day, an array of the prettiest that Alexandra House could produce, and Mrs Bindon's predecessor absent. It was a red-letter day for mice.

Perhaps the most permanent memory I have is of a trip to Eastbourne beach. I think it was in the summer of 1890 that three real singers, finding that a falsetto bred in the Choral Class did not ruin their efforts as much as seemed probable, hit on the idea of singing quartetts on the sands. We were all too impecunious for a holiday, and were sanguine enough to hope that taking round the hat would provide one for us. So we secured a pitch and set to work for a few weeks, with results which, if they did not send us home wealthy, at all events helped us to an unexpected change, and furnished a touch of mild bohemianism which is most pleasant to look back on in austere middle-age. Indeed, it is the zest with which we did things in our youth which we no longer do, nor very much wish to do, that throws a halo round our recollections of them. Often nowadays, as I eat my dinner, I find myself wondering if the old cabman's eating-house near S. Mary Abbots still exists, and

recalling the gusto with which we used to sit in the old high-backed seats as we recklessly called for ‘Joint and veg. fivepence.’ It is the cheerfulness of those days that makes the memories so pleasant, a cheerfulness which pervaded the building from lesson-rooms to office. The stories that might be collected from old pupils of Sir Walter and Sir Frederick would form a *Heptameron*; and does not Mr Hayles still survive as a living example of unruffled and cheery courtesy?

Of the stories I will put on record two, in case they have not been handed down through successive generations. A student, evidently dressed in his very best for a subsequent garden-party, was playing his piece on the organ. ‘I should like a little more feeling put into it,’ was Sir Walter’s comment. ‘Do you mean you want a little more swell?’ was the unsuspecting query. ‘No Sir; there’s quite enough of that on the seat.’ For the second I must premise that Sir Frederick, always full of humour, was fond of making up little humorous verses and putting tunes to them: and these tunes were often given as fugue-subjects. On one occasion, the Class having been postponed in order that he might lecture at London-by-the-Sea, the subject was of a particularly joyful character, to the words, ‘I’m off to Brighton.’ When the work was corrected at the next class there was an anxious moment when it was found that in one figure the subject had been worked in double counterpoint with the *Chorale* ‘Praise God from whom all blessings flow.’ Needless to say, hilarity won the day.

The only regret I can feel now is that so many fellow-students are passed out of one’s knowledge. Some have attained fame—Clara Butt, Walford Davies, R. S. Hichens, Vaughan Williams, Walthew, and others; but there were so many able men, Dunkley, Chapman, Pringle (with his Italian Opera which we all stood in awe of) and a dozen more, that one hopes to shake hands with again through the Union gatherings. That will assuredly be the feeling of present students in twenty years’ time, and I can only wish them as happy a past to discuss as we, their forerunners, now have; so happy, indeed, that in recalling it one’s memory keeps repeating, like the sun-dials in old gardens.

‘Horas non numero nisi serenas.’

PERCY C. BUCK.

The Royal Collegian Abroad

"Detached, separated! I say there is no such separation: nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; but all works together with all; is borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless floods of Action."—CARLYLE.

Miss Ida G. Hyett has taken up work in South Africa, at the High School for Girls, Queenstown, Cape Colony. The best wishes of Magazine readers will go with her, but their wishes will be mingled with regret that one so purposeful in all that concerns the welfare of the College should have gone so far away. Particularly the Magazine Committee have cause for regret, since they have lost so able and energetic a secretary. Of one thing, however, we are quite certain: if the Queenstown High School for Girls wants resourcefulness and high enterprise, they will have found both in Miss Hyett, and many other personal qualities which have won the sincere regard of all who have known her here.

* * *

Miss Florence Smith, writing from Plymouth, says, in the course of an interesting letter, 'I am always delighted with anything which helps to remind me that I really did once belong to College. It is on this account that the Magazine is so welcome, and I only wish it had been possible for me to have been present at the Union evening. If I could have been in two places at once, I *should* have been there. I sometimes very much wish that the 'West' was not stowed away so far in a corner, and almost forgotten by the rest of the musical world. Perhaps some time ago it did just a little bit deserve its isolation, but even only the few years since my sisters and I started the Chamber Concerts here, there has been quite an apparent change. Ensemble work is generally the last form of music to be appreciated, for some unknown reason; but now we can give our audiences Brahms, Beethoven, Dvořák, Tschaikowsky, etc., etc., and are listened to. It must be admitted that the audiences are not large as yet, but they are growing, and make up by sincerity what they (or rather *we*) lose by size. One programme was devoted to British composers: Parry, Stanford, Dunhill, Hinton, and Loder. I always feel delighted to hear of any new English compositions. . . . The Tschaikowsky Trio, which had never been

played in Plymouth before, created quite a sensation some little time ago, and had to be repeated at the next concert by request. Formerly, no one dared a whole performance of a new work, so this was an encouragement, and made it worth fighting for.'

(It may be added here in parenthesis that, besides playing the Tschaikowsky Trio at Plymouth, Miss Florence Smith played it at Hanley this spring, in the Victoria Hall, with Miss Kitty Woolley and Signor Rubio.)

Miss Smith's letter continues—'Orchestral concerts are all the rage now in Plymouth. There was a second Society formed last winter, and competition is keen, which is quite healthy if treated properly. Certainly the programmes last season were excellent. I am down for the Tschaikowsky B flat minor Concerto early in the autumn.'

* * *

The Rev. Arnold D. Culley, M.A., etc., Minor Canon and Precentor of Durham, has been appointed Organist and Master of the Choristers of Durham Cathedral, a fact which we omitted to record in our last number.

* * *

The concert given by Miss May Fussell in conjunction with the Folk Song Quartet on May 13th, proved a tremendous success, and the Aeolian Hall was so crowded that some of the audience could only get standing room. Amongst other solos, Miss Fussell played one by Mr Percy Grainger, in which she was accompanied by the composer, and besides singing many Folk songs, the Folk Song Quartet were joined by Mr W. H. Harris in a performance of Dr Walford Davies' 'Nursery Rhymes,' which completely enchanted the audience.

* * *

The Isle of Wight Pageant held in August of this year possesses a feature of interest to Royal Collegians, in that the vocal and instrumental music for the pageant has been written by Miss Ruth Aitken to her sister's words.

The Choral Society of Cowes, under Mr F. Rutland, arranged for a choir of 100 voices to perform Miss Aitken's music, the orchestral parts being taken by the band of the 1st Royal Fusiliers. Miss Aitken, we may remark, is the composer of numerous charming songs—'Carisbrooke Bells' and 'Royalty and Rhyme' being perhaps the

best known. Her MS. Cantata, 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin,' was performed in 1905 by the choir of Exeter Cathedral.

* * *

On April 17, 1906, Miss Nora Sutherland Priestman, was married to Mr Howard Doncaster Rowntree, of Scarborough, at the Friends' Meeting House, Bradford. Her cousin, Miss Marjorie Priestman, for some years a well-remembered figure in the Orchestra, was one of six bridesmaids.

* * *

We are very happy to announce the engagement of Miss Mabel Bond, a pupil of Miss Williams at College, to Mr Norman C. Stiffe, of the Indian Civil Service, United Provinces. All who had the pleasure of knowing Miss Bond will desire to wish her joy. The wedding is to take place early in October, and at the end of that month the wedding couple will go out to India.

* * *

Mrs E. Ryder Large (née Miss Marguerite King) writes telling of visits to the ends of the earth. She anticipates recitals in Vancouver and Australia. On June 12th Mrs Large met Mr Haydn Wood at Melbourne, touring with Madame Albani, and we learn that he had a tremendous ovation at that place.

* * *

Miss Kate Anderson, who has been playing leading soprano parts in the Moody-Manners Opera Company for the last year or two with great success, has fully sustained, by her recent appearances with the same Company at the Lyric Theatre, the reputation she had previously gained in the provinces. Her performance of 'Marguerite' in Gounod's 'Faust', may be especially noted both for the brilliancy of her vocalization and for the charm and pathos of her dramatic rendering of the part.

* * *

Florence Gabriel, who will be well remembered by those who were at College 1890-4, died at Grand Canary in April last after a long illness. She was a pianoforte and organ student, and a very earnest worker at both studies, as well as at the theoretical subjects, in which she particularly excelled. She had an exceptional intellect, was widely read and conversant in modern languages.

Miss Gabriel had not been able to live in England for the last three years of her life. She came home for a short time last summer,

but even those few weeks proved very trying to her, and it was considered advisable that she should make her visit as short as possible. Her strong personality made her very well known, and those who were fortunate enough to call themselves her friends heard with deepest sorrow of her death at the early age of thirty-three.

* * *

Mr Harold Gregson's Second Recital Tour in New Zealand, Feb.-April, 1907, must have been a brilliant success, judging from the enthusiastic press notices which he received. His programmes were designed on admirably catholic lines, ranging from Bach to Grieg, and Wagner to Widor, while his interpretive powers seem to have impressed his audiences as much as his technical resource. One paper adds the delightful comment that, though some of the audience came late, 'none of them left early'. A charming compliment.

* * *

Miss Maud Aldis composed the music for the performances of Euripides' 'Medea', given at University College in June, and it is spoken of by 'The Times' as being extremely effective. The music aimed at reproducing the Greek tones as far as possible.

* * *

Mr Denis Byndon-Ayres gave a remarkably interesting selection of songs at his concert at Steinway Hall on June 7th, and his singing of each was at once individual and artistic. The list included two songs by Hugo Wolf, 'A Hebrew Love Song' (sung in Hebrew) by Salaman, and some songs by College composers, viz. :—'Since first I saw your face' (the first performance of a new song, still in MS.) by Dr Brewer; 'Eleanore', by S. Coleridge-Taylor; and 'Flavia and Phyllis', by J. Bargrave-Deane, given for the first time.

Miss Ethel Sinclair was the violinist at this concert, and gave much pleasure by her playing. Her solos included a Gondoliera and a sparkling Perpetuum Mobile, by Mr Frank Bridge.

* * *

We heartily congratulate Mr Dunhill upon the undoubted success of the Concerts upon which we commented in our last number. Thanks to generous and timely aid from the Patron's Fund, the almost inevitable

financial loss has been greatly minimised, and we are promised a similar series next season.

* * *

Miss Gleeson-White, who has sung with much success this year at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, has been retained for the season of 1908. Doubtless most of our readers are already aware of the fact that Miss Gleeson-White was married on July 22nd to Mr George Miller, the ceremony taking place at S. Peter's, Bayswater.

* * *

Dr. Percy Rideout gave a concert of his own compositions at Bechstein Hall on June 4th, when he appeared in the double capacity of composer and pianist. The programme included a Violin Sonata (played by Mr L. Zimmermann), some piano solos, and a number of songs sung by Miss Ethel Lister and Mr Charles Bennett.

* * *

Mr Spencer Thomas has been engaged as one of the principal soloists for the Leeds Festival this autumn.

A Letter

"*Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness,
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.*"—SHELLEY.

Glasgow, June 3rd, 1907

MY DEAR COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Your eloquent appeal in your last number for more contributions from the pens of your readers brings upon your head a terrible judgment; I sit down and write you a letter. The only feeling that has made me withstand the temptation of doing so before now has been consideration for your press, but as this letter is going to be really such a nice one, I hope you will grant me a little corner.

It is impossible to tell you what a great pleasure your terminal visits are to me, and any friend to whom I introduce you becomes

almost as interested in your doings as myself. You are just as full of energy and whole-hearted, healthy enthusiasm as ever. The only thing that rather grieves me is the fact that you are beginning now to talk about students whom I do not know at all, but I just wear that sweet-martyr smile of mine which you remember and try to realise (tho' it is hard)! that in spite of my absence, College is still fairly exuberant, and shedding as much happiness around it as of old.

I would dearly love to be able to tell you about my musical doings during the last twelve months, but alas! they have not been forthcoming, owing to a really rather uninteresting year of ill-health, so with your permission this will not be a musical letter. Instead, may I tell you a little about a delightful fortnight I spent recently in the Lowlands of Scotland, or, to be more accurate, in picturesque Peebles? You, with your innate sense of the artistic, not only in music, but in nature, would revel in the great beauties of the neighbouring country, and I hope I shall be able to convey to you, if only in a slight degree, a few of the impressions which I received there.

Of course Sir Walter Scott still reigns supreme in the South of Scotland (he even overshadows Mary Queen of Scots, a feat for which alone he ought to be immortalised!) and I was thankful that I had once taken the opportunity of reading his novels, or things would have fared badly with me. A Scot does not like to plead ignorant if he can possibly help it, nor does he want to tell more lies than are necessary when he is on the sick list.

I know no river in Scotland more beautiful than the silver Tweed. She threads her way past wooded hill-sides and ruins of old castles, (where beacons used to be lit in the time of war, to warn the people of the approaching enemy) and gently disassociating one from the sterner, unforgiving grandeur of the North, leads one ever onward, as in a dream, to the rural peace of England beyond. . . . We can hardly realise that these quiet scenes have witnessed such bloody warfare, but as we look back and view the deadly contests between the North and South, the Scot's pulse beats quicker as truly Celtic patriotism reasserts itself. Which reminds me, I saw a panoramic picture of Bannockburn the other day, and my uncanny countrymen terrified me!—No wonder the English were cowed

before such herculean, skin-clad apparitions ! I leave you to guess whether an Englishman or a Scotchman painted that picture.

It is difficult to understand how the hope survived in England to subdue a nation which possessed the bagpipes as one of its national stimulants. [Let's see, which is the other?—Ed.] If Scotland has ever proved herself unnecessarily vindictive in the past, believe me, she could not help it ! Who could—surrounded by that “tune tied to a whipping-post,” that resistless war-cry of her national instrument ? Of a truth, the desire for bloodshed caused by a Scotch battlefield’s orchestra can only be dimly imagined by the civilised.

Peebles-shire presents many contrasts to the eye of the tourist. Not only can one bask in her happy, sunny valleys, but also, if one will, taste of the solitude of her wind-swept moors. My sister and I drove over one of these on a bleak, sunless afternoon, and I think neither of us will readily forget the experience. Leaving the valley behind, we climbed ever upwards towards the naked heights, and as we attained the summit, and saw the vast table-land of black moor stretched before us, unrelieved by a glint of sunshine, the wind whistled wildly in our ears as if defying us to invade this God-forbidden spot, and the startled grouse chattered harshly, speeding along close to the heather. Far above our heads—ininitely far above terrestrial things—could be heard the rippling wail of the curlew, so strangely expressive of the tragic loneliness of the scene ; everywhere was desolation which seemed to penetrate the very soul. . . . One was not held spellbound ; rather was one possessed by a fierce desire to batter down the doors of finite expression, and to enter fearlessly upon that dim, far-off world which so pitilessly eludes our grasp—the world of our super-sensibilities and Greater Comprehension. Surely this poignant sense of limitation which comes over us all at times tells us we remember something better?

The descent from the heights seemed to betoken the resignation of all things human to the inevitable, but even the inevitable is not necessarily cheerless, and the gentle valley was reassuring. No one could at least deprive us of the memory of the scene and the vivid impression which it created, so we joyfully gathered our sheaf and wended our way homewards.

And now I am afraid I am already too big for my 'corner,' and must apologise for having dilated at such length on my subject; but if I have made you one quarter as happy through this letter as you have made me, I shall be pleased.

An old woman in the Island of Skye once remarked to my father that one should 'aye be spontaneous,' so if I have followed no one else's advice in writing to you I have at least followed hers! It shall furnish my epitaph:

'She was spontaneous.'

In the meantime, please forgive us both, and accept my warm and heartfelt good wishes always.

Yours ever sincerely,

HELEN BOYD.

The Term's Awards

*"Nur die Lumpen sind bescheiden
Brave freuen sich der That!"—GOTTHE.*

"You have deserved high commendation, true applause."—SHAKESPEARE.

The following Awards were made at the end of the Midsummer Term, 1907 :—

1. COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS—

H. Dilys Jones	£15 0 0
Beatrice B. Smith	£6 0 0
Hilda M. Wright	Singing	£7 0 0
Maud E. Wright	£9 0 0
Fannie Zausmer	£7 0 0
Evelyn M. Pickup	Violin	£6 0 0

2. THE LONDON MUSICAL SOCIETY'S PRIZE (value £3 3s) for Singing—
F. Geraldine B. Wilson.

3. MESSRS HILL & SONS' VIOLIN PRIZE—
Marjorie K. Beer (Scholar).

4. THE GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED BY RAJAH SIR S. M. TAGORE (of Calcutta) for the most generally deserving pupil—
Arthur R. C. Beckwith (Violin Scholar).

5. THE LIVERPOOL SCHOLARSHIP—
Engène A. Goossens (Violin).

6. THE SAVAGE CLUB EXHIBITION—
Mary M. Bond-Andrews (Singing).

7. THE LILIAN ELDÉE SCHOLARSHIP FOR FEMALE SINGERS—
Doris E. Simpson (A.R.C.M.)

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